Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, January 24, 1918 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

IMMANENCE.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
Not borne on morning wings
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power;
Not broken or divided, saith our God!
In your strait garden plot I come to flower:
About your porch My Vine
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine;
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
Yea! on the glancing wings
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright eyes
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.
On every nest
Where feathery Patience is content to brood
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprize
Of motherhood—
There doth My Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
My starry wings
I do forsake,
Love's highway of humility to take:
Meekly I fit My stature to your need.
In beggar's part
About your gates I shall not cease to plead—
As man, to speak with man—
Till by such art
I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

—*Evelyn Underhill (Mrs. Stuart Moore).*
The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1918. NUMBER 21

OUR HIDDEN PEACE.

When shadows gather on our way,
Fast deepening as the night,
Be thou, O God, the spirit's stay,
Our inward Light!

Amid the outward toil and strife,
The world's dull roar and din,
Still speak thy word of higher life,
Thou Voice within!

When burdens sore upon us press,
And vexing cares increase,
Spring thou, a fount of quietness,
Our hidden peace!

Though fond hopes fail, and joy depart,
And friends should faithless prove,
O save us from the bitter heart,
Indwelling Love!

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

Why is it, how is it, that so many who have heartily responded to the Government when it calls for the boys to leave home and face death are now stirred with indignation and advocate legal opposition and business combination against the "draft" that interferes with business and checks the wheels of trade?

UNITY is always glad to print any word from our colleague, Charles F. Dole, and doubly glad when it is within our power to give such publicity as UNITY columns permit to his words that have been denied his Eastern constituency. Brother Dole is a mild mannered man, but the Boston papers seem to have come to regard his name as a "storm center." But there are others.

What if we should get the habit and these emergency movements become permanent and the "five-day working week," "Government control of railroads," etc., become the regular thing? What if the "meatless," "sweetless" and the other days become fixed elements in the diet calendar? What if our thrift should become habitual, and the saloons be closed 365 days of the year, and the work of consolidating trains and churches should go on? Would it not be a little better world to live in? Would there not be more good things to go around, less poverty, though there might be fewer multi-millionaires? Does it not sometimes look as though it might work out that way?

We are not very clear as to what the "National Institute for Moral Instruction" is or what it aims at, but the fact that this institute is asking for nine collaborators in each state of the Union in research work and for the "perfecting of a code" makes us want to know more of the venture. The Iowa list is before us and a committee including such names as Dr. Starbuck of the State University of Iowa, Dr. Steiner of Grinnell College, Rabbi Sternheim of Sioux City, Prof. Fuller of the Iowa State Teachers' College, and Miss Anna Burdick of the Federal Board for Vocational Education in Washington, D. C., awakens expectation. We will be glad to know more of their plans and to report further of their achievements.

A recent bulletin issued by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor concerning the mortality of babies is painfully suggestive. Manchester, New Hampshire, would seem to be a desirable place for a baby to be born in—pure air, Yankee prudence and Puritan antecedents. But one baby out of every six is reported to have died during the first year of its life. About one-half of all the babies born came into homes whose fathers earned less than $650 per year. More than one-eighth of the babies had fathers who earned less than $450 per year. Only one in sixteen had fathers earning as much as $1,250 per year. The death rate among the babies in the poorest families was more than four times as high as that among those of highest wages. Three-fourths of the mothers, where the fathers earned less than $450 per year, were themselves wage earners, and the babies of mothers who went out to work were visited with a higher mortality than those who staid at home. The artificially fed babies had fewer chances for life than those nursed by mothers. What is true of the New Hampshire town is doubtless true everywhere. Here, where conservation of natural resources is most important, is where public sentiment and Government officials seem to be most indifferent or at least inefficient. Is it a stolidity born of ignorance or something harder to cure?

There is much danger in these days that the international characteristic of the Red Cross movement be forgotten. The inspirations of its founders, among whom the American, Clara Barton, had a notable place,

must not be lost sight of by making the Red Cross an exclusively war recruiting and a war promoting agency rather than a humane attempt to ameliorate the atrocities of war, to lift at least the victims of war once laid *hors de combat* into the rights and privileges of internationalists such as belong to them by virtue of their common humanity. We delight then to note that a recent ship belonging to the United Fruit Company sailed from New Orleans loaded with Red Cross food supplies to the victims of the Guatemala earthquake. Portable wooden houses, tents, clothing, flour, potatoes, galvanized iron and disinfectants were among the articles called for and furnished. The American minister at Guatemala City was also authorized to draw on the American Red Cross for $5,000 for immediate requirements. Ten thousand units of typhoid and small pox vaccine were also furnished through the Rockefeller Foundation. In appreciation of all this the President of the Guatemala Republic telegraphed the Red Cross headquarters, "A thousand thanks for the aid of your humanitarian institution." The victims of war should and can be reduced. The time will come, may it be near at hand, when the devastations of the battle field will be regarded as violations of the primal law of organized society. But some of the mighty forces of nature are beyond human control. Earthquakes, tornadoes and volcanic eruptions are expressions of mighty cosmic forces that are beyond the control of the human. When these are met by a united humanity and cooperative nations, the calamity will be reduced to the minimum and a light will break promptly through the darkening clouds. Let the Red Cross still teach us internationality and stand for the consolations that belong to and are available to the human.

"When the War Ends"

With commendable energy, Sidney Strong, pastor of the Queen Anne Congregational Church at Seattle, Washington, prepared for his "watch night" meeting by asking a number of representative people what they expected in religion, industry and politics when the war ends? Over one hundred and twenty-five responded and their answers have been published in an attractive little leaflet of thirty-two pages. The list, printed alphabetically, reaches from Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook,* to John D. Works, ex-United States Senator from California. The names included between the "A" and "W" of it reach through all the professions and denominations. They include representatives of all classes, races and religious creeds.

Taken as a whole here is a perfect revel in millennial dreams. No convention of Second Adventists ever looked forward with more confident enthusiasm for the speedy coming of their "Lord" than do these up-to-date ministers, editors and professors, taken as a whole, seem to look forward to the coming of the "Kingdom" of peace, internationalism and chastened piety "WHEN THE WAR ENDS!"

If all the analogies of history are not to be reversed and some of the well recognized laws of psychology to be suspended, there is reason to fear that these brethren are reckoning without their hosts. Has the time come when we can gather grapes from thorns or when the same fountain can send forth both sweet and bitter waters? Wars engender a warlike spirit. The awful sowing of hate by all the militant powers is in danger of growing a harvest of suspicion, hatred and a "preparedness" statesmanship generated by the war whose slogan will be, "Never again" will we be found unarmed.

Our only hope is that many of these war seeds now being sown will be rendered sterile by the triumph of reason that is to avert the awful triumphs of the bayonet. Those who hope to bring in the "Kingdom of God" by *winning* the war may hope that we are casting out devils in the name of Beelzebub, but something more is needed than pious wishes and holy conjuring with sacred longings, draped in military uniforms and armed with crosses sharpened into swords. Already many "influential journals" are preparing the public mind for universal training. Educators are fostering schemes to make military drill a part of public school instruction. Little boys are being marshalled in scout regiments by the tens of thousands. Women are knitting into their helmets a smug little philosophy of resignation to the horrors of war.

This pamphlet from Seattle shows how the old expectation for a Messiah, a coming of the Saviour to redeem the world, has been modified and transformed but not dethroned in the Twentieth Century of the Christian era. If the dreams of a federated world, disarmament and all that is involved by these dreams is to come true we must not wait for it until the war is *won.* We must work for it until the war is *ended* by other than trench triumphs. If a council of nations is to be promoted we must begin now. Now is the psychological hour for organizing that international court of justice, the first task of which will be to bring about a pacifistic ending to this war, which like all other wars, is unholy.

Not all of these one hundred and twenty-five confessors have yielded to the Messianic dream. Some of them are still apprehensive of the harm done to progress, the indignity to civilization and the reproach to Christianity by those who for righteousness sake accepted the wage of battle. Every day in the prolongation of war adds to the spiritual damage done to humanity, a damage far more deplorable than the calculable loss of physical life and material property.

Says Dr. Charles F. Aked:

These are the things for which I wish—a vastly different thing from "hope":

1. The repentance in sackcloth and ashes of ten thousand ministers of Christ, who have howled for blood and out-raved the ravings of the Jingo press.
2. The determination of working men over all the earth not to indulge in maniac self-destruction when next kings and kaisers and capitalists tell them to shoot one another.
3. The return of sanity to the rulers of the nations.
4. The reorganization of the world in the spirit of brotherhood, and practically, the establishment of a league of friendly nations pledged to keep the peace of the world.

Says Washington Gladden:

If after the war the church keeps on with the same old religion, there will be the same old hell on earth that religious leaders have been preparing for centuries, the full fruit of which we are gathering now.

The church must cease to sanction those principles of militaristic and atheistic nationalism by which the rulers of the earth have so long kept the world at war.

We must not wait till after the war. That may be too late. Is not now the accepted time?

UNITY adds its solemn "Amen" to these words from the venerable sage of Columbus, Ohio.

What the Pacifist Is!

I.

In four successive issues of this journal during the month of November last, I discussed from various angles the question, What the Pacifist is *not*. In the concluding article of the series, I referred to the Pacifist as a man "who is guilty of the heinous offence of having different opinions on this business of world war (from the militarist). What these opinions are," I added, "will be stated in a later article." To this statement I now address myself. And I shall seek permission of the Editor to submit more than a single article, for while the Pacifist is undoubtedly a man who has "opinions," he is at the same time something infinitely more and higher than this. His opinions expand into convictions, and his convictions into a rule of life.

But first this matter of opinions, or ideas! From this point of view, the Pacifist may be defined in primary terms as one who believes that war, like famine, pestilence and persecution, is an evil. He is in this sense to be sharply distinguished from the *bona fide* militarist who believes that war to a greater or less degree is good. These miltarists, be it said, are by no means as numerous as they were previous to the fateful days of August, 1914. Three years of warfare under modern machine conditions have effectually served to rob the battle of every last vestige of the glory which once attached to it. We now know war for what it is—a thing of unmitigated loss and horror! But in so far as there still survive today any specimens of the Mernhardi or Cram type of militarist who believe that "in war and the right of war" man has a transcendent possession "which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comforts," the Pacifist is to be distinguished therefrom at the very start.

But there is a further distinction which must be made, for the overwhelming majority of men and women today regard war as an evil, but this majority is certainly not to be described as pacifist in sentiment! What sets the Pacifist off in an exceedingly small minority, especially in days like these, is the fact that he looks upon war as an *absolute,* and not a relative, evil. War, to the Pacifist, is a thing wrong in itself, wrong therefore under all conditions, never necessary and therefore never justifiable. Others may make out a case for war, but not so the Pacifist! He is unmoved by a plea for war on grounds of self-defence, liberty or honor. He knows that it is a stupid king or president who cannot find high moral grounds for even the basest war, and insists that these ideals never stand in need of vindication by violence. The Pacifist is not persuaded by the argument that war may be justified as a necessary means to the accomplishment of a great end. He rejects for free men the law of necessity, refuses to recognize the principle that the end justifies the means, and begs to submit that not only war but every horror can be justified on this ground, as witness Plato's justification of infanticide as a necessary means to the end of social progress. The Pacifist is indifferent to the assertion that there are things worse than war. He would like to see these things named, and specifications given as to their excess of material and moral evil. To the Pacifist, war present sitself as nothing more than an agreement among men that under certain conditions all accepted standards of moral idealism may be suspended—that theft, falsehood, arson, violence, and murder may be made right, honorable and of good report. Such a miracle, he asserts, is impossible. The law of love can no more be repealed tha nthe la wof gravitation. The will of God can neither be abrogated nor over-ruled by the passions of men. We may choose the bad, if this be our unholy purpose. We may say with Milton's Satan, "Evil, be thou my good." But evil still remains evil, and war, *war!*

Such is the intellectual judgment of the Pacifist on this great question of armed conflict as a method of settling disputes between nations. The Pacifist is an absolutist on this question ,and, if we stopped here, might not unfairly perhaps be called a "doctrinaire." But we cannot stop at this point. Our definition is not complete until we have moved from the intellectual to the moral plane. The idea of the Pacifist is clear only when it is seen not as a nidea but as an ideal!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

Figuring It Out

The difficulty with most of us, in regard to the great war, and the great figures involved, is not so much that of ignorance as of incomprehension. We talk glibly of millions in men and money, without in the least knowing what they mean in really comprehensible terms. It is therefore interesting and profitable to do a little figuring on our own account. It is truly astonishing what the point of a pencil will dig out of a ten-figure number.

It is wise, also, to realize that the great is merely a multiple of the small. The former can be realized only by comparison with the latter. We are able to understand the individual case, and regarding the facts and figures of war as its multiple, we are able to form some idea of its real cost, nature and results.

For example, I stood last Thursday in the presence of death. The dread visitant, against which all the powers of life are normally opposed, had entered and taken the mother and wife. The two girls and the father were bewildered and benumbed by the blow. The sunshine of beauty and of life had departed from that household. Yet, as I sit here, figuring, I realize that there are 27,000,000 men in the world at the present time who have given up the constructive work of life, and who are actively engaged in the one task of inflicting upon others the same hateful catastrophe under which that family staggers today! 27,000,000 men seeking to kill!

Can you visualize that number? Were they formed in a procession, standing so closely that each man could touch the man ahead, and five men abreast, the line would reach all the way from New York to San Francisco. Or walking single file, at the rate of three miles an hour, day and night, it would take them from January 1 to August 11 to pass by! And every man of them committed to the task of taking human life!

Yesterday afternoon I stood in the Boston subway while the body of a woman was taken from under the wheels of a train in front of which she had leaped. I saw her mutilated body carried past a throng of horror-stricken people. I cannot help wondering if they were similarly shocked when they read Secretary Baker's estimate that the casualties suffered by Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany and Austria-Hungary amounted to 13,825,000, to say nothing of the huge losses of Russia and other nations.

Figured out, this means a loss of 7,200 men every year of what so-called Christians have called the Christian era. It means that every hour since the murder of Jesus on Calvary another young man has been stricken down, flung under the wheels of war, sacrificed to the selfishness of the race!

France alone has lost 3,875,000 men. This means 3,000 men every single day for the last three years and a half. France has had a Halifax disaster every twelve hours. Ever since August 1, 1914, she has lost a strong, young, efficient man every thirty seconds! And as every man had a mother, who of us dare estimate the heart throbs of anguish of a single minute of desolated France?

The appropriation of the American nation for war purposes this year is $18,000,000,000. In comprehensible terms, this means, were it given to the people instead of paid by them, the gift of thirty-six five-dollar gold pieces to every man, woman and child in the nation. Or were it applied to education, it would mean the giving of a university scholarship of $500 a year for four years to 1,000,000 young Americans, and the presentation to every one of them on graduation of the deed to a $5,000 home. And after this had been done, it could be repeated next year! Or if this war fund were in silver dollars, it would take a man, picking up 100 of them a minute, and working ten hours a day, just 800 years to pick them all!

Our attitude toward war is not a matter of figuring, but the figuring matters largely in the formation of any definite idea regarding it. Let us at least try to comprehend facts. It is necessary that we should attempt to decipher ciphers. And the work of my pencil, as set down above, may aid a little in the process.

CHARLES W. CASSON.

The Gospel of Conciliation

In Judea, more austere than Greece and more rational, if less artistic, men worshipped a single God who dwelt not alone in external nature nor yet in temples made with hands. This God was moreover Creator of all and Father of all, the "Lord of Heaven and Earth whose way is solid, substantial, vast and unchanging."

But in the worship of the ignorant, this sublime philosophy was sorely beclouded and the poetry of great artists was translated into sordid prose. The desire for plunder and for domination turned even this supreme being into a tribal "God of Battles."

Two thousand years ago all political power was centered in the head of the Roman Empire, and all religious activity was turned over to subservient priests. In those dark days a young man in Judea raised his voice proclaiming that all men were children of one Father and therefore brothers, gentile and Jew, rich and poor, humble and powerful. He taught that each man and woman was responsible for his own acts, and that each should have the right to make the most of life for himself and for others. Moreover these men should love each other and not hate, and that the glory of life was found in purity and human helpfulness, and not in the ferocity of

war. His followers called him the "Prince of Peace." There were many of them, even in his day, who refused to take part in war, or on any provocation to kill their neighbor. This doctrine of personal responsibility for acts of war has come down to our day. One of the tenets of the great Society of Friends, as also of the Mennonites, Moravians and other God-fearing folk, is that all war is wrong and that, as faithful followers of the teaching of "Jesus the Jew" they take no part in its adventures.

The priests and warriors of his day cared nothing for peace and had no love for human brotherhood. So they rose in anger, nailed his body to an ignominious tree, and thus destroyed him. But they could not obliterate his words and they spread far and wide over the world, until some part of them became ingrained in the mind and thought of every civilized human being. In spite of all cross-currents they have formed the basis of modern civilization.

The Roman Empire adopted his name but not his teachings. The despised cross became its war emblem, replacing all the gods and demigods of Greece. But his spirit survived in spite of the association of his name with a failing tyranny, and again and again it has shone out brightly amid the darkness of the tyranny of force. D. S. J.

THE DESERT.

When evening closes in the stretches fill
With strange vibrations, coming from afar;
The trembling air then breathes its awesome chill,
And distances are lengthened by a star,
Gleaming in beetling heavens turning black—
A lonely light above a vacant earth.
Like one who wanders from the beaten track,
And stumbles over plains of woeful dearth,
The star recedes, and drops o'er night's dread rim;
Then all is darker, stranger than before,
And music in the air is weird and dim—
A wail from chaos for the world is bore.

A vast unbroken, fruitless, plain, descry,
No tree for shade, no hillock breaks the span
Of flat immensity; nor can the eye
Detect a living thing. As if a ban,
Of everlasting arid seasons fell
Upon the plateau wide; with sterile soil
Which thirsts in vain for rain, no stream or well
Is there—it lies rebellious to man's toil.
The birds fly not across the foodless plain,
For bees no blooms where honey fills their cells;
Some creeping things trawl, desolate, in pain—
'Tis lonely in its agonies and hells!

A melancholy lot which naught supplies,
Is that bare life which knows not love and art,
It ventures o'er a barren plain, and dies—
And in the fruitful cosmos takes no part.
Blest are the fountains and the streams which flow
For man to turn, and irrigate the land,
Where children for a garden seeds may sow,
And string rose petals for a May Queen's band.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

The President's Statement of War Aims

The President's last statement is perhaps the most momentous document ever set forth. It ill becomes us lightly to accept it without the most careful attention and full democratic discussion. Several striking impressions and far-reaching questions immediately suggest themselves.

First, does it express any intent to reach the good will of the German people? Or is it not rather calculated to stiffen the resistance of their government, and to arouse a more obstinate temper on both sides?

Secondly, concrete as the President's terms may at first seem, do they not presently prove in various important points to be perplexingly obscure? What does he mean by the New Poland, the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France, the readjustment of the Italian frontiers, the promise of autonomy to the peoples of Austria-Hungary? Does not this look to a dismemberment of Germany?

Thirdly, this is only one step in the wholesale alteration of the map of Europe and Asia to which the President goes on. Is he not confusing near and necessary aims perhaps within our present reach, with remote ends, which, however desirable, load his program with difficulties seen and unseen? Who has thought out the tremendous and perilous complications involved in the proposed League of Nations, all still armed, and depending upon the use of the war system to enforce peace! Or who can ensure us that the hitherto heavily protected manufacturers of the United States, so powerful in every Congress for fifty years, will not block the way to the removal of "all economic barriers"?

Fourthly, does the President not see how one-sided his program must appear to any one who tries to think of the other side? For the final, and on the whole, willing co-operation of Germany must be essential to our great end, the permanent peace of the world? "Admirable," we cry to his insistence upon a future of open diplomacy. Does he forget that among the events to which we owe this war, the secret "entente" of that most ill-starred combination of England and France with autocratic Russia bulks large in the history? He speaks of the "free peoples" and refers to the enemy as "Imperialists." Is not England an imperial Power? Is not Japan? Are not we, while we hold the Philippine Islands? The President wants free ports for Poland and Serbia. Good! But how about free ports for Austria? Shall we take away Trieste?

The President is rightly indignant over Belgium. Has China no claim for the similar outrage committed upon her by an invading Japanese army? He desires "restoration" for the injured nations on one side, even including Rumania and Italy, neither of whom entered the war to "make the world safe for democracy." But while he has no unkind feeling toward the German people, how, except through immense added burdens laid on the backs of these same people, does he imagine that the indemnities will come? Not surely from the class who mostly make wars and generally contrive to save their private fortunes! The President has also interesting but puzzling words about the colonies and due regards for the interests of their population. Does he include all colonies of imperial

powers; Franch colonies in China and Africa, Belgian colonies, British India and Egypt, Japanese Korea? Does it not look as if we offered the enemy medicine the taking of which we do not contemplate? Our hearts are made to warm to assure free citizenship for oppressed peoples whom we have not seen. Do we forget the millions of negroes who enjoy no citizenship under our flag? Why could not the President have intimated a sense of our common nature and common duties, which might have had a persuasive effect upon the others to shorten the war and bring us together for united action?

Fifthly, are we fighting a "final war"? Would that this may be true. But elsewhere the President speaks of the freedom of the seas "in peace and in war," as if expecting still to live in the ancient fear. Does it not occur to him that entire disarmament may be the only practical and secure means of deliverance from this fear?

Sixthly. Am I singular in thinking this message amazingly autocratic? Without discussion in Congress, or any action of representatives of the people, and an hour's notice the President not only publishes this tremendous array of "ultimata," stretching from now to the millennium, more radical and formidable toward Germany than any government has ventured to state, but he also pledges the whole nation to the last man to fight to carry out this program, and presumes (by what agreement we know not) to speak for all the numerous allies, and to be empowered to keep the United States in the war till each nation's claims as stated above are satisfied! This is our President [and not an emperor, the choice of the Democratic party!] and while his government vigorously hunts the I. W .W. and prosecutes pacifists, he cheerfully promises "assistance of every kind" to Russian revolutionists. Isn't this almost stupefying?

Grant now that the President has composed a "Magna Charta for the nations, I urge the duty of American citizens to understand, if they can this extraordinary document, and to brace themselves accordingly for the exercises in knighterranty which it requires. Have we "the clean hands and the pure heart" for this knightliness? Have we, government and people, the modesty and the humanity worthy of our vast professions? For without these everlasting requirements, no eloquent words can make this a holy war.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Jan. 11, 1918.

WHY I VOTED THE SOCIALIST TICKET

I am unjust, but I can strive for justice.
My life's unkind, but I can vote for kindness.
I, the unloving, say life should be lovely.
I, that am blind, cry out against my blindness.

Man is a curious brute—he pets his fancies—
Fighting mankind to win sweet luxury;
So he wi'l be, tho' law be clear as crystal,
Tho' all men plan to live in harmony.

Come, let us vote against our human nature,
Crying to God in all the polling places
To heal our everlasting sinfulness
And make us sages with transfigured faces.

—*Vachel Lindsay.*

THE PULPIT

Studies in Modern Mysticism

Introductory

I.

The Bhagavad-Gita

An Ancient Hindu Classic

Sermon Preached January 6, 1918, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

Invisible, ever present, ever working, Reality; the substance behind all appearance, the permanent beneath the fleeting and the fluctuating, the life behind the song, the love that encases hearts, we worship thee this morning and in thee find the brotherhood that links the centuries together, unites the ages and extends the bounds of companionship out and beyond all boundaries, down and beneath all differences and entanglements. Thou Infinite One in whose bosom rest the races, the generations, the nationalities, we would worship thee this morning. Amen.

At the close of the fifteenth century Holland held tyrannical monopoly of the far East trade. The Hollanders were in the habit of charging exhorbitant prices for pepper and other condiments that came from India until, at last, the merchants of Liverpool and London determined to break the monopoly. They secured from the English Queen a charter for the establishment of the "East India Company," in 1600 A. D. We can scarcely think of an event in history, conceived from a more sordid, commercial, selfish motive than that which gave rise to the East India Company. We can scarcely speak of an event in history that has been so fraught with unspeakable wealth of mind and spirit, however black the record may be on its commercial and political side. In the wake of the East India Company, western prowess, and European arrogance, Christian dogmatism traveled and succeeded in fastening its talons upon the heart of a helpless people. Warren Hastings and Lord Clive wrote a record as dark as it is damning. But the same sails that carried to the eastward this Christian dogmatism, British prowess, European enterprise, carried thither also Sir William Jones.

William Jones' dates are 1746-1794, only forty-eight short years of life were granted him. He was a brilliant linguist, famous as a lad for his enthusiasm for out of the way and far off languages. He was a Welsh London barrister, a hundred years after the formation of the East India Company being selected by it in conjunction with the government to go out to India to help settle the constantly increasing and deepening complicated problems that arose between this politico-commercial organization and the natives. He was sent as an English judge to administer justice to the disputants of Calcutta. He was a large man with a brain sufficiently trained to discover early that he who would dispense justice must be prepared to listen to the case from both sides, that he was an incompetent judge who only knew laws, customs and ideals of one side. So with an insight as rare as it is noble in missionaries, he applied himself to the study of the brown men who, up to this time, had been dismissed in a bundle as "pagan Hindus." He worked

as a scholar, gifted with linguistic achievements and extraordinary ability. Some ten years or more after his arrival, strange and startling news came back to the academic world in England. The "Asiatic Society," a strange name and a strange thing, began to report as learned societies do. Sir William Jones, working with the trained minds within reach had opened a mine richer than any mine of Golconda. He had struck gold more lasting and valuable than any discovered in California or Africa. He sent back tidings of, and later translations from, a vast literature, embodying high poetry, profound philosophy, romance and mythology, and startled, shocked and alarmed Europe. These tidings startled the academic world. Their pretentions shocked the smug culture and frightened the dogmatic Chrisitianity of Europe.

What was this mine that Sir William Jones had struck? It represented a vast literature which now engages the attention of unnumbered scholars and, best of all, it reaches down into the life of today, touching the humblest student, rewarding the most patient plodder, modifying and ameliorating Christendom. In this vast literature, hiding in heretofore unknown tongues, was revealed a master language, our own grand-mother tongue—a tongue that gathers under its classic wings all the tongues of modern Europe of Aryan descent. Greek and Latin and their children, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, English were found to be children and grand-children of this ancient mother tongue. And this mother tongue was discovered to be an adequate vehicle for this great literature. Many of the ordinary words of our firesides reach back and back, and back into this grandmother language. Sanskrit, Sir William Jones discovered, contained a mighty empire of thought and feeling. Talk about prospectors, about the heroism of gold hunting and mine working! Write as big as you please the story of those who crossed the Rockies, the pathfinders of America and the stories all fade into insignificance compared to the mighty exploits of this mighty man with a three-story brain, who, though dead at forty-eight, still gave to us this great wealth of the Orient. For our purpose this morning we will center our interest in the two longest epics in human literature. They out-reach, outshine in wealth of thought the noblest things in any of the elder epics of the world.

The Ramayana and Mahabharata represent classic poems, great in every way looked at. Great in length; they are the longest things we have. They are great in variety, they challenge the admiration of the linguist and poet, engage the interest of the children by your fireside, if you know how to tell the stories, and absorb the enthusiasm of profound philosophers, and what is still more significant, touch the profundities of the spiritual life.

Can I give you an idea of the extent of this great literature? The longest poem in the English language is Browning's "Ring and the Book." It contains approximately twenty-two thousand lines. The Ramayana, the shortest of these Hindu epics, contains forty-eight thousand lines and the Mahabharata, the longest, contains one hundred and twenty-two thousand lines. You will see that the Ramayana is twice as long as the longest English poem while the Mahabharata is nearly two and a half times as long as the Ramayana.

These stories are of absorbing interest, full of poetry and philosophy that impinge upon the best thinking and noblest living of today.

Ramayana is the story of Rama. Rama is the hero of Hindu tradition, father of Hindu mythology. He is to the Hindu what Washington is to the American boy, what Arthur is to the British. The greeting of the Hindu is not "Good morning!" or "How do you do?" but "Rama—Rama!" They conjure by the name of their great hero. This is the story of woman's love and loyalty. Sita is a spotless, unyielding, unrelenting queen of the spirit, subject then as women are now to unfounded suspicion, to unjust restrictions through masculine arrogance, in the name of "respectability," the "proprieties," "protection." The spirit of the poem is strangely and painfully modern. Sita proved loyal and true in every situation. Her loyalty was so profound, her beauty so conquering that the birds of the air and the beasts of the field made common cause with her. Sagriva, king of the monkeys, marshalled his army to bridge the channel between the mainland and the island of Ceylon in order to disarm the enemy and free Sita. Her story renders the story of Helen of Troy coarse, makes Dante's Beatrice silly, Goethe's Margaret feeble.

The story of the Mahabharata, the story of the great Bharata, the hero king of India, is another ancient tale that loses itself in an antiquity so dim that the chronology of our Christian and Jewish Bible is a yesterday book.

Of course this Mahabharata, like all epics of early man, is an accumulation that has come rolling down through the centuries and gathered size, variety and beauty like a snowball. It contains fragments from this stratification and from that, the same being polished by the way. Into this great epic the story of the Bharata is inlaid as the diamond is inlaid into the ring, a gem of exceeding beauty and cost. The "Bhagavad Gita" is clearly a story by itself, complete in itself with a marked literary unity. It was composed by some man unnamed and unknown, but the story is fitted into the traditions that are not individual but racial, and its fate was assured as a part of the great cycle of Bharata poetry.

I have the wonderful poem in my library complete in prose form translated by an Oxford scholar of perhaps half a century or more ago, J. Cockburn Thomson, a member of the Asiatic Society of France and of the Antiquarian Society of Normandy. It is a version with many learned comments. I have also the beautiful, easy and smooth metrical version from the hand of Edwin Arnold who has done so much to carry out and complete the revelation that came from Sir William Jones. Edwin Arnold is another man whom England sent eastward to the everlasting glory of England. He wrought mightily for the true British Empire, the empire of scholarly thought and poetic appreciation. He has given us a version of the Bhagavad-Gita, "Bhagavad" the divine, "Gita" the song, the song of the divine, or as he has it, The Song Celestial.

The Mahabharata of course, like all early epics, is full of war and rumors of war. It turns perhaps on some historical episode, far back in the obscurity of early India where rival tribes were striving for territory and for domination.

The poem is a family tree. The five commendable sons of one brother are arrayed in mighty battle against the hundred sons of another brother filled with fell motives and mean ambitions.

The situation seized in this story by the nameless poet is on the eve of a great battle, the forces are marshalled on either hand. Krishna, an embodiment of the divine, appears in the capacity of a humble charioteer at the service of Arjuna, the "Sir Galahad" of the story. Arjuna is the spotless, blameless, magnificent hero upon whom devolves the responsibility of marshalling his great army against the other great army directed by his cousins.

The heart of Arjuna rebels and to his charioteer he says:

> Krishna! as I behold, come here to shed
> Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,
> My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,
> A shudder thrills my body, and my hair
> Bristles with horror; from my weak hand slips
> Gandiv, the goodly bow; a fever burns
> My skin to parching; hardly may I stand;
> The life within me seems to swim and faint;
> Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail!
> It is not good, O Keshav! nought of good
> Can spring from mutual slaughter! Lo, I hate
> Triumph and domination, wealth and ease,
> Thus sadly won!

What a magnificent outburst of the in-reaching spirit, of the greater king! With more such pitying lines are we made acquainted with the distress of Arjuna, who finally exclaimed:

> Better I deem it, if my kinsman strike,
> To face them weaponless, and bare my breast
> To shaft and spear, than answer blow with blow.
>
> So speaking, in the face of these two hosts,
> Arjuna sank upon his chariot-seat,
> And let fall bow and arrows, sick at heart.

It is not for him just now to be concerned with the way Krishna the incarnate god rallied him to his military duty, urged upon him the claims of civilization and his duty to caste. He offered a consolation which the modern military man can scarcely offer. The incarnated deity argued that it does not matter much who lives or who dies, they are all immortal, that the vanquished as well as the conquerors are held in one divine embrace. This is the fundamental consolation in the doctrine of reincarnation. What matters it if you do kill a fellow, he is not dead. And if your purpose is good you are not guilty. That is the short cut vindication of war by Krishna, the god in this dialogue. But Arjuna goes on through eighteen books in which in soft accents the perplexed human offers his problems to his deity friend. He comes to him with his questions as to the relative importance of meditation and of action, of duty and love. The titles of the chapters are perhaps the most efficient introduction I can give you.

Krishna illumines Arjuna on the relative virtue and value of work and of meditation, the Religion of Knowledge, Religion of Renouncing Works, Religion of Self Restraint, Religion by Discernment, Religion by Service of the Supreme, Religion of the Kingly Knowledge and the Kingly Mystery, Religion of the Heavenly Perfections, the Manifesting of the One and Manifold, Religion of Faith, Religion of Separation of Matter and Spirit, Religion by Separation from the Qualities, Religion by Attaining the Supreme, the Separateness of the Divine and Undivine, Religion by the Threefold Faith and Religion by Deliverance and Renunciation.

It is not my purpose to introduce you to the details of this philosophy, enough to know that the discussion is such as to engage the interest of the most devout. Unwittingly this poem forms the fountain head of most of that which in these days is paraded before the reader of current papers as *new* thought, *new* philosophy, *new* ethics and *new* whatnot.

The great Mississippi River has its Lake Itasca. Much of the great ideal philosophy of man, the study of soul, which may be called the Mississippi of thought, has its Lake Itasca far off there in the uplands of Hindu thought, expressed in the clear Lake Itasca spring of the Bhagavad-Gita.

There comes in this poem, as in so many others, an apocalyptic moment where the human, through his own persistency or divine favor, is permitted a glimpse of the Eternal.

It is a crude and simple story we have in the Pentateuch where Moses begged for a glimpse of the face of the Lord. The Lord knowing his frailty puts him in the crevice of a rock where he would be withdrawn from a full view and was permitted but one glimpse of the passing God and it was too much for him. Dante has tried to give us a glimpse of heaven. Goethe in "Faust" has tried to give it and the great classic attempt in Christian literature is found in the Apocalypse of the New Testament. So Kirshna grants the prayer of Arjuna for once but warns him and says to the venturesome youth:

> Thou canst not bear to gaze upon my shape
> With these thy human eyes, O son of Pandu,
> But now I gift thee with celestial vision;
> Behold me in a hundred thousand forms,
> In phases, colours, fashions infinite.
>
> Thus, having said, the mighty Lord of all
> Displayed to Arjuna his form supreme,
> Endowed with countless mouths and countless eyes,
> With countless faces turned to every quarter,
> With countless marvelous appearances,
> With ornaments and wreaths and robes divine,
> With heavenly fragrance and celestial weapons.
> It was as if the firmament were filled,
> All in an instant, with a thousand suns,
> Blazing with dazzling lustre, so beheld he
> The glories of the universe collected
> In the one person of the God of gods.

Then the awe smitten Arjuna breaks out in passionate adoration:

> I see thee, mighty Lord of all, revealed
> In forms of infinite diversity.
> I see thee like a mass of purest light,
> Flashing thy lustre everywhere around.
> I see thee crowned with splendor like the sun,
> Pervading earth and sky, immeasurable,
> Boundless, without beginning, middle, end,
> Preserver of imperishable law,
> The everlasting Man; the triple world
> Is awe-struck at this vision of thy form,
> Stupendous, indescribable in glory.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The multitude of holy saints adore thee—
> Thee, first Creator, lord of all the gods,
> The ancient One, supreme Receptacle
> Of all that is and is not, knowing all.
> And to be known by all.
>
> . . . . .
>
> To thee be sung a thousand hymns of praise
> By every creature and from every quarter,
> Before, above, behind, Hail! Hail! thou All!
> Again and yet again I worship thee.

Have mercy, I implore thee, and forgive,
That I, in ignorance of this thy glory,
Presumed to call thee Friend; and pardon too
Whate'er I have too negligently uttered,
Addressing thee in too familiar tones.
Unrivalled God of gods, I fall before thee
Prostrate in adoration, thou the Father
Of all that lives and lives not; have compassion,
Bear with me, as a father with a son,
Or as a lover with a cherished one.
Now that I see thee as thou really art,
I thrill with terror! Mercy! Lord of lords,
Once more display to me thy human form,
Thou habitation of the universe.

Then follow some beautiful lines where he appeals for the incarnation that is comprehensible to the human. Here is the secret of incarnations in all the theologies of the world. This is what I think perhaps Henry Ward Beecher meant when he said: "The Father God is to me a shadowy film. I only realize my God in the personality of Christ." The incarnation brings within the reach of finite man some comprehension of perfection, of unlimited glory and undisturbed love. Arjuna prays:

Retake,
Dear Lord! for pity's sake
Thine earthly shape, which earthly eyes may bear.

Be merciful, and show
The visage that I know;
Let me regard Thee, as of yore, arrayed
With disc and forehead-gem,
With mace and anadem,
Thou who sustainest all things! Undismayed

Let me once more behold
The form I loved of all,
Thou of the thousand arms and countless eyes!
My frightened heart is fain
To see restored again
The Charioteer, my Krishna's kind disguise.

"In thy face have I seen the Eternal," said the dying Baron Bunsen to his wife. So is the doctrine of the incarnation brought to us in this poem.

The doctrine of immortality is here shot through and through with a clearness and confidence that shames the dogmatism of our Christian creeds. And the doctrine of renunciation and service flowers into the continuity of the universe and makes small the "social service" we talk about. O how pitifully superficial, how painfully inadequate are our little "committee" activities, "settlements" and "centers" measured by this profound conception of the renunciant life devoted entirely to love and tenderness, to thought and progress. The beatitudes of the Mount of Olives are here formulated in the Song Celestial. Here is the quest of the ages, the realization of the martyrs.

Whatever line of spiritual thought you take it will land you on these mountain heights, the crowning peak of the human, where is found the one sun-clear spring, which is the "Bhagavad-Gita," limpid in its purity, placid in its reflections of stars and suns. Wonderfully fitted is it to be the consolation and comfort of the human soul. It slakes the thirst of the human soul.

It is hard to read this book without feeling that the human here is more right than the divine. Arjuna is way ahead of Krishna. Krishna, according to this old poet, wrought in the interest of caste. He based his philosophy on the assumption that the Brahmin is born from the brain of the great God Brahma, and to him is entrusted the sanctity, sublimity and purity of the world and that it is the will of God that this eternal caste be forever preserved. The military are born out of the arms and shoulders and from down below, from the humbler feet comes the multitude of toiling men and women.

Arjuna failed to find satisfaction in this thought, so the story closes with this appeal on the part of the God whose argument is this from the start: You are of the military caste, it is for you to vindicate its dignity, for you to fight out and save its nationality, or caste, regardless of consequences. Never mind blood, never mind murder, you must maintain your purity and Vishnu the god will take care of the rest. He says in his instructions:

Better to do the duty of one's caste,
Though bad and ill-performed and fraught with evil,
Than undertake the business of another,
However good it be. For better far
Abandon life at once than not fulfil
One's own appointed work; another's duty
Brings danger to the man who meddles with it,
Perfection is alone attained by him
Who swerves not from the business of his caste.

Monier Williams, perhaps our most skillful English interpreter, well says in his great and rich book, "Indian Wisdom":

> Remembering the sacred character attributed to this poem and the veneration in which it has always been held throughout India, we may well understand that such words as these must have exerted a powerful influence for the last 1800 years; tending as they must have done to rivet the fetters of caste-institutions which, for several centuries preceding the Christian era, notwithstanding the efforts of the great liberator Buddha, increased year by year their hold upon the various classes of Hindu society, impeding mutual intercourse, preventing healthy interchange of ideas, and making national union almost impossible.

The tyranny which the great Krishna tried to fasten upon the soul of the pure minded Arjuna is still the tyranny of India, and the philosophy of the Bhagavad-Gita is still the fallacy of all those who would fain advocate violence and destruction in the interest of the promotion of some favored class or nation.

The loftiness of this book, as I have said, provoked the suspicion of the Christians. The first effort of the Christian missionary was to try to show that this writer, whoever he was, must have heard of Jesus the Christ and borrowed this loftiness from the New Testament. To do that it was necessary to make a chronology that would date this book perhaps in the third century A. D. But to state that at the present time is to show the absurdity of it. Williams was a good Episcopalian missionary, but he said to undertake to account for this Bhagavad-Gita by Christian origin would simply increase the difficulty. We would have to account in the same way for Pythagorus, Epictitus and a lot of ancient saints and philosophers the world over. Scholars give the probable date of the Mahabharata, in which this story of the Bhagavad-Gita is inlaid with an individuality of its own, probably as far back as the third century B. C., but the ring itself reaches back perhaps another four or six hundred years. Perhaps a thousand years B. C. this great classic of the Hindus was forming.

The Hindus are now moiling and toiling in India trying to find daylight, trying to adjust themselves to the big world which laughs at their castes but borrows their philosophy in justification of a caste scarcely less tyrannical, equally unreasonable and unfounded in righteousness.

I would rather believe in a caste ordained of God by the brain path than the caste ordained of God by the growth of commercial power and the accumulation of dollars.

I said the spirit of it is not hard to find. We find it in the story of Rama. I have told you that Sita was the heroine of the Ramayana. How beautiful is her story! The General of the monkeys, Hanuman, marshalled his forces and succeeded in bridging the water that separates the mainland from Ceylon and thereby captured the enemies of Rama and freed Sita the beloved bride. When the conquest was made, the general who had taken such an interest in Sita asked for an opportunity to avenge her. He said:

> It were a relief to tear them with my claws, to knock them down and trample on them. Have I thy leave, O star-eyed Queen?

Sita replies:

> Fie on thee, thou vindictive Hanuman. No, thou shalt not touch those poor old Rakshasas. I would not for all the world, ill should chance to them. I would not any creature should be in grief tomorrow.

The young hermit in the story would appease the frightened gazelle that had been caught in the toils of the enemy:

> Do not fear me. For worlds I would not do thee ill, for thou and I have one father to whom we both owe life. We are brothers. Do not fear me. And the lonely youth prayed to Brahm "I see a marvelous unbroken thread of life blending together all that is by sympathy and service. I only am without the circle."

The vulture that had fought for Sita received his death wound from the captured. Rama who could be nice and brave though he was very mean at times to his wife—however, it was with a masculine kind of meanness found in Chicago as elsewhere, the tyrannical man has not yet evolved into the magnificent man-woman balance—Rama fondly stroked the plumage of the noble bird and said:

> Thou shalt not die. I will tend thee and bear thee in my arms. Thou shalt yet see the princess with the starlike eyes, restored to the love of Rama.

As the poem continues he says:

> Of a certainty there are amongst the animals many good and generous beings and even many heroes. For my part I do not doubt that this compassionate bird which gave his life for my sake, will be admitted into paradise.

All this is more than any modern "kindness to animal" business. This is no tract for the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," whose work is shallow and inconsequential compared with this. This is a confession of the divine tie that binds all sentient life to the central life of the universe. This is a marvelous expression in poetry of the tie that binds flower to creature, bird to mortal, the finite to infinity.

The Heavenly Pilgrimage in the Mahabharata is a great achievement. The noble prince had won all the triumphs and honors that mortal time and earth could give. He had established himself firmly on the throne and surrounded himself with an adequate cabinet, but still he thirsted for the perfect life. So he started on the heavenly pilgrimage with a great retinue of associates, with necessary bands, banners, horses and all that, but the march was long, the journey hard, the road rough through dreary wastes and over mountain heights. One cavalier after another dropped out, brother after brother fell out by the way. At last the wife, the tender, faithful wife, could no longer keep up and the Prince arrived at the gate of the Celestial City accompanied only by his faithful hound. The door swung wide open. "Welcome, brave prince. You are welcome to the Celestial City." But the gates were to be closed in the face of his companion. "This is a holy city. Dogs are impure. No dogs admitted." Whereupon the valiant hero said: "There is no place for me where there is none for my loyal dog who has endured so much for me." But the story does not stop there, perhaps to its detriment. Behold the wayworn dog was transfigured into a divine incarnation who had accompanied his master step by step. But when he was admitted he was not happy. He said: "O Krishna I am lonesome. I fain would go where brothers and wife are." Here in this old story of India, told a thousand years perhaps before Jesus was born, is an incident similar to that described by Stephen Phillips in his "Christ in Hades." By the presence of the prince the temperature was modified. The atmosphere of hell was changed.

So much for an introduction to my course of study of modern mysticism. It is difficult to apply the word mysticism to modern movements. It makes one smile to see the conceited assumptions of *new* thought and *new* revelation. But more of that anon.

I cannot close without revealing a bit of personal story which came to me in the teeth of the storm today with cheer and courage. The prose translation of the Bhagavad-Gita with note and comment, strangely enough was first published in America, in Chicago, by the "Religio-Philosophical Publishing House," with an introduction by S. S. Jones, who was the proprietor of the publishing house. It rapidly passed through two editions before the fire. Then the fire came and burned the plates. Two years after the fire a more adequate and learned translation, by J. Cockburn Thomson, was secured and published in book form, and though now out of print, passed through various editions. My own copy bears this autograph inscription which you will pardon me the temerity of reading. It says:

> I heard with great pleasure and profit your sermon in Unity Church on December 10th, and strange as it may seem have not forgotten, as yet, the obligation I owe you; therefore in proof thereof I send you this little book with many wishes for your success.
>
> *December* 25, 1886. *Jno. C. Bundy.*

Those of you who remember the progressive literature that gathered round the Religio-Philosophic movement will remember this man, gentle, refined, modest, incisive. I have looked up the sermon which he mentions as preached on December 10th in Unity church. I find that it was on the "Silent Tragedies of Life." That sermon was marked number 168. This sermon will be numbered 1514. That poor little old sermon is buried under a mountain of 1346 later manuscripts deep. But here it pops into my mind and helps me to bring an added thought to this service, on this stormy morning. It is worth while for us to face storms, but it is still also very well worth while for us to study the "Silent Tragedies" and equally important, the silent triumphs, the hidden loyalties, the unseen verities, the unheard voices—if I may use the paradox, for some one has asked the startling question, What if we could *see* sound and *hear* beauty? If we could hear the rose and see the song. What

sudden expansion of our vision and hearing would that be! Is that something of what we mean by mysticism? Mysticism is a belief in the unseen and the intangible. Mysticism is rooted in the thought of the besetting realities, of soul. Mysticism would interpret life in terms of spirit, would regard the universe itself as the outward body of an inward reality.

In the bonds of love and the triumphs of truth may we so believe that we may live with thee and for all our kind. Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

III.

How the Floods Came

While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease. —Gen. viii:22.

This lesson brings us again to note the difference between myth and science, between the dogmatic and the investigating spirit. Unless read carefully and critically the fact may be overlooked that our Bible has in it two accounts of the deluge, and that the two do not agree, have internal differences, and have been so telescoped together that the differences cannot readily be detected. These accounts are known by different names used for deity. One Elohim and the other Jahveh, or, in our spelling, Jehovah. In the common version Elohim has been translated God and Jahveh translated Lord or Lord God. El is the Semitic root for god Elohim in the plural number, indicating that in this story we are on the verge of polytheism, man was passing out of belief in many to one God. We find the same root in Babylonia's god, Bel, and in the names Babel, Daniel, Samuel, etc. Jahveh is the more difficult word, translated the great "I am," the self existing, more spiritual and mystical, we might say a more modern word.

The account of the flood caused by Elohim is found in Gen. vi:9-22; vii:11-16, 18-22, 24; viii:1, 3-5, 13-19; ix:1-17.

The one caused by the Lord, Jahveh, is in Gen. vi:5-8; vii:1-10, 17, 23; viii:2-3, 6-13, 20-22.

It is interesting to know that the first great battle in higher criticism probably raged around this story of the Deluge. The question of the flood was one of the first to puzzle and bother the scholars. Andrew D. White, in his work, "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," gives nineteen pages to this discussion, showing how distressed and disturbed was the academic world. He tells an illuminating story of the growth of Smith's Bible Dictionary, which, when published in 1872, was regarded as the latest thing of its kind. Dr. William Smith, who had compiled a learned work on Greek and classic mythology, was secured to edit a similar work on the Bible. The publisher undertook the work as a money making enterprise and did not propose to risk losing the orthodox trade by too advanced thinking. An article on the "Deluge" was promptly rejected and postponed to appear under "Flood." This came in yet more radical shape and was referred to "Noah." A lengthy article was written on Noah by J. J. S. Perowne, a professor in a small Welsh college at Lampeter, which is a laborious attempt to interpret the flood, preserving the letter of the legend and at the same time keeping an open mind to science and the discoveries of man. The writer gives Noah's history in full, the causes of the flood, its duration and the dimensions, etc., of the ark. Sir Walter Raleigh is quoted as allowing "for 89 distinct species of beast, or lest any should be omitted, for a hundred several kinds." The article is a striking contrast to modern biology, which tells us that there are somewhere in the neighborhood of half a million living species on earth now and nearly a million extinct species.

The story of the old Babylonish records on brick tablets, etc., really knocked out the literal theory of the Genesis story. There was found the same story of the flood with variations, and we find that the Greeks and races before them, all primitive peoples, including our own Indian race, have had deluges with many characteristics in common with the story in Genesis. As to where they got them, there have been many speculations. They may be accounted for as you account for the mystical activities of a child's brain. They are the guesses of early peoples, experiences clothed with many explanations, and simply show the workings of the primitive mind.

When we turn to science, we come to the marvelous story of the geology of the earth, the true story of floods. The rocks and stratifications of the earth are developed in three sections. The very lowest shows unmistakable signs of heat action; then a process where the igneous rocks have been acted upon by water and heat, giving the metamorphic section. But the great bulk of rocks are all produced by the action of water in one way or another, rain, mist, ice, flood, etc. So the stories of the flood in Genesis are but primal rehearsals of the real story which is encyclopedic and satisfying to the inquiries of the human mind.

For the English speaking world, Charles Lyell wrought for geology what Darwin did for biology, and for many years Lyell's was the authoritative word. In those days there were two hard words in geology, one "cataclysmic" and the other "uniformatarian." The advocates of cataclysmic geology were those who placed the greatest emphasis on convulsions through earthquakes, volcanoes and such disturbances, to account for the present condition of the earth's surface, the broken strata. Lyell was the first man to declare such disturbances as local, spasmodic and affecting only small areas; that the uniform action of known forces accounts for the strata of earth and also accounts for our landscape geology, the hills and valleys, variations on the earth's surface.

The bluff formation and valleys of the Wisconsin River form an interesting study for the geologist.

We used to say that certain jutting rocks on either side of the river showed plainly that once our valley was a great lake. Now the geologist says that was a mistaken theory; probably there never was a larger body of water than the present river, and that it and the creeks and small streams have been working year in and year out carrying off their little load of debris and sediment until the valleys have been scooped out. Before the valleys began there came the geologic stratification of limestone and at higher points hard flint rock which has resisted the action of water as the limestone could not.

The Genesis stories command our respect because in them man has developed sufficiently to inject an ethical element into his theology. The Creator was displeased with his created beings because they misbehaved, so wiped them off, saving the one good seed he could trust. Ethically and spiritually the stories are charming and introduce a classic element into the theology of primitive man. Read the notable article in the Encyclopedia Britannica entitled "Deluge" and you will have a collection of deluge stories gathered from all over the world.

The theory of a deluge brought about by the direct volition of an angry God, who made provision for the perpetuation of life on the globe by building a big ship and ordering sufficient animals saved to restock the earth, is childish and inconceivable for the intelligent man of today, who has some high way of estimating the stupendous story of the earth and profound complexity of life. But instead of provoking his contempt, it should kindle his imagination and make him see that it was a pretty good beginning for primitive man.

It took a good while for the world to produce a Lyell. His book is charming on "The Antiquity of Man," the first edition published in February, 1863, followed by several others with related titles. Each book was written to correct the previous one, and the author took pains to say so, acknowledging his indebtedness to many scholars. Now, instead of two glacial periods, Chamberlin and Salisbury tell us of four, and the Frenchman, Penck, talks of six.

To close the lesson we will visit Kent's Hole or Cave, located in the County of Kent, England. The story of the caves is especially significant from a geological standpoint because here was doubtless man's first shelter from wild beasts and weather, a natural repository for the dead and which became a priceless repository for antiquities. In these caves we are enabled also to study the slow process of the earth's formation. All of them are limestone strata, dead stone. The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, Luray in Virginia, caves in Cuba and elsewhere tell the same story of the action of carbonated water on the limestone, in the process of evaporation compelled to part with some of the calcareous matter held in solution, which adheres to the roof, forming the stalactites, the pendent formations, the water dripping over the limestone slowly enough to allow of evaporation. The drops which fall to the floor are subject still further to evaporation and stalagmites are formed. You who have been in the Mammoth or Luray caves know that when one is quiet enough, the drip, drip can be heard that has been going on through millenniums, the tick, tick of the clock of eternity.

Lyell tells of the discovery about 1834 of Kent's cave by a Catholic priest who found there startlingly interesting things. Later, in 1864, the cave was studied more scientifically and Geikie shows how it has given us a chronological record of the world. He writes:

> During the exploration of the famous Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, a number of names and dates carved on a bed of stalagmite were detected. Some of these go back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, but although calcareous matter has been continually accreting on them ever since, it has been at so slow a rate that the inscriptions are still perfectly legible. On the surface of a large boss that rises above the general level of the floor of the cave, and thus marks a spot where the drip has been more continuous, and the growth, therefore, more rapid than elsewhere in the cave, there is this inscription—"Robert Hedges of Ireland, Feb. 20, 1688." (For once the popular egotism that leads idle men and women to scratch their names on rocks is justified.) Yet the film of stalagmite formed over it is not more than the twentieth of an inch in thickness; nor is there any direct evidence to show that accretion of this particular boss was more rapid in earlier times.

He says further, that using this rate of growth as a standard of measurement we should be compelled to infer that this stalagmite formed about 240,000 years ago. While possible that formerly the stalagmitic growth was more rapid, nevertheless on the most extravagant assumptions we are forced to admit a period of many thousands of years for the formation of beds of such stalagmite. Geikie gives a list of six different deposits in Kent's Cavern with the results and deductions.

Such a study as this points us to the great spiritual gifts of science; modesty, humility, patience, plus an unconquerable faith. Humanly speaking, floods are a devastation such as is caused annually by the Mississippi River floods. But Shaler, in his book on "The Aspects of the Earth," sees a time when man will learn to value this resource against summer drought, not only by making dykes, but by building reservoirs in which to bottle up the surplus water, invaluable for irrigation purposes.

QUESTIONS

(1) What are the differences between the words Elohim and Jahveh?

(2) Where do we find the first records of the story of the flood?

(3) How have limestone caves contributed to knowledge of early man?

(4) What are some of the spiritual gifts in the study of development of the race?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Love Stories for the Bible by Billy Sunday. $1.50.

Macmillan Co.
Love Songs by Sara Teasdale. $1.25.
The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems by Vachel Lindsay. $1.25.
Nationalism by Rabinranath Tagore. $1.25.
Sacrifice and Other Plays by Rabindranath Tagore. $1.50.
League of Nations by Theodore Marburg. 50 cts.
A Theology for the Social Gospel by Walter Rauschenbusch. $1.50.
African Missionary Heroes and Heroines by H. K. W. Kumm. $1.25.
The Church and the Man by Donald Hankey. 60 cts.
Immortality by Streeter and others. $2.25.

The Baker & Taylor Co.
Utterances and Other Poems by Angela Morgan. $1.75.

University of Chicago Press.
The Millennial Hope by Shirley Jackson Case. $1.75.

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The UNITY Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH

Mrs. Guilford Dudley of Nashville, Tenn., had this to say before the Woman Suffrage Committee of the House when that subject was pending:

"I wonder if you have any conception of the intense feeling of humiliation Southern women experience when they discover that the greatest opposition to the submission of our Federal Suffrage Amendment to the states comes from Southern representatives in Congress? More than any women in the world, we have had the praise of the words. Our wisdom, our goodness, our courage, these things have been sung to and of us, but when it comes to the faith of deeds, we are beginning to wonder if, after all, some Southern men may not consider us less worthy than the women of other sections.

"They have withheld our enfranchisement for two reasons which we, for a time, accepted—the state rights doctrine and the Negro problem. From the state rights ground of opposition the Southern men have themselves retreated, and we now stand face to face with this bare and ugly alternative: Either our men feel that they can not trust us with the ballot, or we must feel that we can not trust their sense of justice.

"As to the Negro problem, the women of the South feel that the time has come to lay, once and for all, old ghost which still stalks through the halls of Congress. This phantom has outlived its time, even for what is known, in the South, as a 'hant.' In the 15 states south of Mason and Dixon's line, the excess of white women alone over 21 years of age above all Negro men and women of like age is 1,122,477. There are only two Southern states where the Negro race is more than 50 per cent of the population. In South Carolina the per cent of Negroes, according to the federal census of 1910, was 55.2. In this state voters must be able to read and they must own and pay taxes on $300 worth of property. In Mississippi the per cent of Negroes is 56.2, and there voters must be able to read the Constitution. The other four states of the so-called Black Belt also impose an educational test.

"In the eight years since the census was taken, the percentage given has materially reduced in both the states mentioned, so that South Carolina claims that there is no longer any preponderancy of Negroes. The increase in the Negro population in the last decade is 11.2 per cent. The increase in the white population is 22.3 per cent, or twice that of the Negro population.

"Furthermore, during the past year alone 75,000 Negroes have left one Southern state to go North, and 73,000 have gone from three others. In view of this fact, it appears that we might transfer a share of our rather hysterical anxieties with regard to the menace of the Negro vote to other states.

"It is true that there are some counties in the South where the Negroes greatly predominate. But it is also true that in those counties there is a greater degree of illiteracy, and the educational qualification operates to exclude this vote. There is no need to fear that the Southern men and women of today will not know how to uphold the integrity of their government. We are not living in the reconstruction period, but in the year of Our Lord, 1918. The horrors of the old period are past, never to be revived. The only possible approach to it might come through the failure to give the white women of the South the power of the ballot. When our husbands and brothers are going forth to fight for democracy, we must not only assume their tasks at home, but we must bear the more sacred burden of cherishing the ideals of government for which they have offered their lives, in order that their sacrifice may not be in vain."—*From The Guardian.*

A NEW VENTURE

The New World, an attractive monthly paper, published by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, 118 E. Twenty-eighth street, New York City, makes its bow to the world in the January number. The first number contains contributions by John Haynes Holmes, Oswald Garrison Villard and others of their kind. Its purpose is thus indicated:

The task of *The New World* is to urge upon Christian people the immediate and pressing demand for a new quality of faith, a new type of understanding, a new order of life. We are facing a crisis upon which hangs issues of inconceivable moment for the future; Christianity is being challeged as never before in its history. But for Christianity, challenge should always spell opportunity; and the supreme miracle of Christianity is its endless capacity for renewal. "With Christianity, it is always sunrise somewhere in the world." And this little paper appears in order simply and unaffectedly to reason with the Christians of America that they seek by prayer, by open-eyed thought and by a new measure of self-dedication to hasten the new healing sunrise of Christianity upon a shattered and war-weary world.

For the ills that beset our race the spirit of Christ is the one sole medicament, and what we need is that this spirit shall be enthroned in all human relationships, a single spirit governing not only the life of the individual in the simpler personal relationships, but the whole common life of communities as it expresses itself in art, education and literature, in social and industrial aims and conditions, in politics, both national and international.

That this involves a revolution is evident, but we are faced with this dilemma, that we must have *this* revolution or accept a revolution of another kind. For the spirit of revolution is in the world, and it is hastening to our very doors. But is this impending change to be a dance of death or a pageant of life? It is for us to say. Some day the strife of the nations will be at an end, and then—perhaps before then—we shall be engulfed in the maelstrom of wide social and economic upheaval. Will the church be able, like its Lord, to stand above the storm and say to the winds of human passion, "Peace be still"? It is the chief tragedy of Christian history that the church has been too frequently caught unawares in the great emergencies. It was so in July, 1914; is it to be so when peace comes back, and comes perhaps as it went away, like a thief in the night?

It is to the range of problems which these circumstances raise for Christianity that the *New World* proposes to address itself. It will do so without fear and without compromise, in the conviction that in this crisis as in every other, "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" can save us. It will endeavor to survey

deliberately and carefully the difficult field of Christian conduct in the world as it is; it will face frankly and openly the disorders of our corporate life in their social and political aspects and seek with patience the Christian remedy; it will consider the endless complexities of international affairs and attempt to work out the Christian solution.

We recognize we are setting ourselves to an enormous task—a hopeless task, some would say. But we set about it not trusting in our own sufficiency, but in the faith that we are led to our adventure by the will of God and that He will use us for His purpose just as He has need of us.

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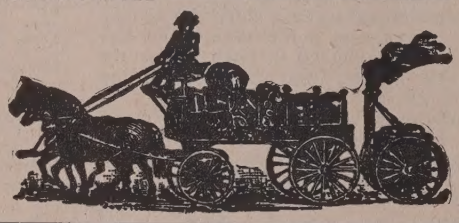

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